SOME NEW BOOKS.

There would seem to have been no grounds

Hawthorne's Postkumous Novel.

at all for the controversy about the nuthenticity of the romance now published under the na-C. In. Grunshauer's Secret, by NATHANIEL HAW-THOUSE J. R. Osgood & Co.). The controversy was baseless, because both parties were in the right, as a little reciprocal explanation would have demonstrated. Mr. Hawthorne left several e dections of notes and studies relating to the same theme and representing successive approximations to the narrative he had in mind. One set of notes, apparently the earliest, and presenting only the germs and outlines o the intended work, is in the possession the novelist's daughter, Mrs. Lathrop, while a later and far more perfect draft came into the hands of his son, Mr. Julian Hawthorne, and fills the volume which is now before us The manuscript of the story in its more finished form is in the possession of the publisher, and fac-similes of leaves, culled at random, are inserted in the present book. From the point of view, accordingly, of external evidence alone, it is indisputable—and no doubt upon the subject nught to have been suggested—that we have here a novel straight from the hands of the eider Hawthorne. We should add that, in the absence of such exterior testimony, the mere publication of the work would suffice to settle the question of authorship, for no intelligent person who has read "The Scarlet Letter" can fail to recognize not only in the point of view and method of composition, but in every sentence, and almost every epithet, the master's This is not to say, however, that " Dr. Grim-

shawe's Secret" is a novel brought to anything like the degree of perfection which is shown in works delivered by the artist himself to the press, or which might be looked for by the reader of the publisher's announcement. It is clear, indeed, from the preface and notes included in this volume that the manuscript in the publisher's possession required a good deal of excision, correction, and manipulation before it could be given to the world. The narrative, for instance, had no title, and the auther had not fixed in his own mind upon the name of his principal personage, who is vari ously designated in the pages of the manu-script. The same experimental attitude is disclosed in reference not only to the names of other persons, but also toward important incidents of the story, and even toward events upon which the whole plot hinges. There are clues started which are never followed, and alternative readings of long nessages, not only suggested, but drawn out at length. It is true as the preface asserts, that in a deep psychological sense the story has a beginn middle, and an end. But it is also certain that, as regards historical construction, there are breaks in the narrative, and there is ment to the dramatic metive of the tale that the last chapters do not explain. In short, atthough the manuscript would in any circumstances have had a profound interest for those who are able to appreclate its detached but innumerable proofs of artistic excellence, i could not have been made acceptable to the general reader without the most careful editing the part of the author's son. We do not ed hesitate to say that the tale would have been greatly improved in scherence and intelligibility had Mr. Julian Hawthorne permitted himself not only to strike out and piece together, but to rewrite considerable sections of the first part, and to insert in the second part elucidations which, from the point of view of structure, are indispensable. But while we are losers by it, we cannot but respect the feel ing of filial reverence which has strictly confined him to the negative tack of excision and readjustment, and which has withheld him from placing any positive additions of his own, no matter how useful and desirable they might soom to the reader, in juxtaposition with his father's composition. That the instincts of the son have overpowered the impulse of the arrist is manifest on many a page, but even from which the mass of novel renders will derive keen pleasure, and which, on the score of psychological profundity, and the beauty and precision of its style, represents a more prehas been made since the author's death.

It is well, however, to indicate some of the shortcomings in the story as published, which | ished by this little book. might, no doubt, have been made good by Mr. scheme of an Englishman, one Norman Oglethorpe (who is living in America under the name of Dr. Grimshawe), to avenge a grievous wrong of some kind which he has suffered at the hands of an English Baronet, Sir Edward Redelysse. What the wrong was we do not know, for there are two distinct versions of it in the story. But it is mainly the obscurity enveloping the nature of the revenge contemplated by which we are perplexed, for, at though it is plain enough that the grim Doctor has condemned his enemy to a life long imprisonment, yet his vindictive purpose does not by any means stop here. He intends to pursue the man who has injured him, beyond the grave, by transferring the family name and estates of Redelyffe to a creature of his own The story turns on the elaboration, progress, and final frustration of this design. But we are left in the dark as to the precise agencies by which Dr. Grimshawe aims to attain this end, for while we are told that he adopted a boy from a foundling hospital, and brought him up with the intention of furnishing him with the muniments of title, we cannot discern whether this was a case of conscious imposture or whether the Doctor really believed bimself to have discovered in the descendant of an American branch the true heir to the property. Much of the first part of this book, which is mainly concerned with the education of instrument of vengeance, is un-Intelligible, except upon the theory that the boy Ned had a lawful right to succeed Sir Edward Redelyffe. Yet, although the true heir is Bulbequeatly discovered in another person of duced as a Yankee schoolmaster, and whom we afterward encounter as a pensioner in an

ing eye, would have seemed ripe for the press No one who is properly alive to the psychological problem presented by Dr. Grimshawe can doubt that this extraordinary man, up to the discovery of a superior title in Colcroft, did honestly believe the boy Ned the rightful inheritor of the Redelyffe name. If he had been spable of forgery he would have been capable of assuring its success by murder. But as it was, he was literally shaken to death through the racking of his spirit by the temptation to a rime of which he was morally incapable, and by the self-imposed submission to the collapse of plans whose ruin seemed at once to empty his life of purpose and significance. But the book, as published, does not render justice to the conception embodied in this remarkable man and no one can know better than Mr. Julian Hawthorne, himself a novelist of consplenous ability, where the illuminating touches of his father's hand are wanting. But let us turn, with grateful recognition of a

fresh indebtedness, from the structural deficiencies of a book left unfinished, to its striking revelations of the author's power to search the mysteries of being, to plunge us in the most solemn musings and play on our most poignant sympathies. The same conflict between passion and conscience which was so forcibly depicted in the "Scarlet Letter" is here again spread before us, but in stronger, larger lines, and in colors of a more fural and flerce intensity. In the struggle between the impulses toward good and evil by which the central creation of this volume is convulsed, we behold the depths of savagery and the heights of self-conquest which within the compass of a robust and wilful nature; we are shown the sinkings, the grovellings, and the celestial sourings of which the human soul is capable; we are made to watch with a spell-bound intentness the sore travail and long agony from which the spirit emerges cleansed and triumphant, but by which its earthly tenement is shuttered and destroyed. Seldom has the hand of any artist, whether it prose fletion, or in poetry, known how, with materials so simple, to portray the elemental forces which seethe and fluctuate beneath the crust of existence, and on whose outburst or subjection depends the fate of humanity. The spiritual problems to which Hawthorne felt himself irresistibly attracted, and which he has here dealt with in a masterful fashion, are ot so much as stated by Dickens, by Thickeray, or by Walter Scott; indeed, no writers of fiction, except Dalrae and George Eliot, have shown themselves competent to accompany Hawthorne in his peculiar field.

It would be absurd to compare with this giant in psychological analysis and imaginative creation the puny genre painters with whom the cultivated public has made shift to content perhaps, this touch of the magician's wand to race and reinvigorate our emasculated taste to reopen our eyes to the virile and splendid possibilities of fletion. We had almost forgotten that the nevelist has sometimes ventured upon a higher function than the scrupulous photography of manners, than the microscopic study of sophisticated sentiments and conventional ideas. It is well that this voice from the grave should remind the dainty word-mongers and smirking experts in etiquette that their place is with the lackeys in the antercom of erature. We seem to hear the grave browed master, as we senn these full-freighted pages, say to those who imitate his nice observation of superficial things, but who are impotent to grasp the secret of his spiritual insight, These things indeed ought ye to have done but not to have left the others undone,

A New Estimate of Macaulay

The life of Thomas Babington Macaulay, by J. Cotter Morison (Harpers), which forms the latest contribution to the series of English Men of Letters, is likely to excite more controversy than any preceding volume in this colection. It is true that Macaulay's reputation opinions that have been everessed in what may be termed the esoteric circles of criticism have within the limits imposed by his self-restraint he has contrived to so far ramedy the defi-ciencies of the manuscript as to give us a book section of Macaulay's shortcomings by the present biographer will be startling, and, perhaps, unwelcome. It will be owned, however, that wherever Mr. Morison's judgment runs egunter to the popular estimate, he supports it clous contribution to American literature than by weighty arguments, and it is likely that the number of Macaulay's enthusiastic and indiscriminate admirers will be materially dimin-The arrangement of this volume is simple

Juitan Hawthorne, but which he has refrained and effective, and we shall do well to follow it from touching. The dramatic pivot of the tale in our notice of its contents, confining our--the psychological motive, as we shall point | selves however, to the author's consideration out presently, is wrought out without serious of Macaulay's merits as a writer. We need not interference from defects of structure-is the say that the subject of this biography was not only a man of letters, but a politician, who rendered important services to the Whig party, and who in turn received no insignificant favors at its hands. It is tolerably certain, for example, that no British Government would have raised Macaulay to the peerage had his claims to such a distinction rested solely on the authorship of the lays, the essays, and the history. This is so evident to Mr. Morison that he has refrained, so far as we have been able to discover, from any allusion in these pages to that incident of his subject's life. But while the details of his Parliamentary and officeholding career may be passed over it is undeniable that that side of his life left a doen impression upon his literary work. Both the essays, and the history might have been better than they are, and they certainly would have been something very different had Macaulay

held himself aloof from public life. Mr. Morison begins by examining Magaulay's general characteristics, having in view his mental equipment, his method, and his style, He then proceeds to scratinize with some minuteness the essays, which, of course, are of various quality, the ventures in verse-making which have provoked such conflicting judg-ments-and finally the history on which Macaulay intended that his fame should rest. After cordially asknowledging Macanlay's morits as a story teller-his clearness and almost excessive anxiety to keep his thought always well within the reach of the humblest reader-his skill in engaging attention and alturing curiosity, and his success in achieving his avowed purpose to make young fadies throw aside a novel in order to take up his history -his newers of brilliant illustration, and of pictorial composition-the biographer sets forth some

Roth in Germany. He professed to be a reformer of history, and these men were reformers, who had proclaimed and put in practice every principle of any value which he advocated, yet he never mentions one of them—except Sismondi-without a sneer. He took as little notice of the labors of his own countrymen Palgrave and Kemble as he did of the labors of foreigners. He not only did nothing for historical criticism, but he scarcely seems to have been aware of its existence For his own part, he investigated no obscure questions, cleared up no difficulties, reversed the opinion of scholars upon no important point. The only modern historians to whom he pays respectful attention are Ranke and Hallam, and this apparently because they furnished him with a convenient armory for his own polemical purposes. Mr. Morison submits that if Macaulay had felt any wide, generous, sincere interest in the progress of historical knowledge he must have shown more sympathy with men engaged in the same field of labor as himself; he could not have been indifferent to what other men were doing. In view of his strangely contracted sympathies, the inference seems unavoidable that he cared for little besides his own success as an historical artist.

The present biographer considers Macaulay's want of ethical depth not a whit less noticeable than his lack of intellectual breadth and profundity. He can find no trace in him of the penetrative insight into the moral world for which Carlyle and Michelet are conspicuous-no indication of the wise spirit which has had practical experience of the solemn realities and truths f existence. He never has anything to say on the deeper aspects and relations of life; his inspirituality is complete; you never in his numerous portraits come upon a line of moral suggestiveness showing an eye for the deeper springs of character and finer shades of motive. There is no romance, pathes, or ideality in his writings; and why should we look for such things, seeing that his own view of life was essentially flat and prosaic? In brief, his learning was confined to book lore; he was not well read in the human heart, and we can therefore easily understand the inability to criticise works of poetry and of fletion of which he himself was conscious. From the ethical point of view the whole case against him is summed up in the admirable analogy-we know not whether it is original with Mr. Morion-in accordance with which Macaulay is called the Rubens of literature.

caulay's intellectual furniture and spiritual outlook to his method of expression, Mr. Morison reminds us that his style, which was once so highly lauded, is now freely decried. It remains, perhaps, the best conceivable model for newspaper writing, because it is the first busiof a journalist to make himself understood by the dullest and least cultured of his readers, and then to interest a more exacting audience if he can. It has been observed that, as regards the matter to be expressed, he eschewed high thought on the one hand, and deep feeling on the other, marching complacently down a middle road of resonant commonplace. In the manipulation of his diction he evinces equalized in gauging the popular taste, being, indeed, so studious to avoid hyperrefinments that he drops now and then into coarseness and crudity of language, Sentences in which the needless emphasis of the words does but disclose more plainly the deficient weight and dignity of thought are of frequent occurrence. It is also undeniable that his paragraphs are the other; they do not grow from a central root of thought or sentiment. Sentences not exseding a line in average length are held together only by the art of the typographer. Again, we are continually reminded of the beat of a piston rod by the mechanically regular stroke of his periods. The monotony of rhythm is sometimes reenforced by the monotony of phrase, sentence after sentence beginning with the same words. This reiteration of the but Macaulay could never overcome a tendency to ampley it ill an order of competition for which it is unfit. Indeed, all the blemishes and merits of Macaulay's diction are compen diously described by Mr. Morison, when it is emarked that he had the secret of transposing his matter from the language of copious and fluent oratory, which seems their proper vehicle, to the language of written prose without loss of the specific oratorical effect. He can, accordingly, be read with a good deal of the

The best feature of the Essays was a

treatment which their author gave to this Macaulay may almost be said to have invented a sort of historical genre painting, the secret of which is to take a bright period or personage of history, to frame it in a firm outline, to conceive it in article size, and then to fill in this imited canvas with sourkling ancedote, telling bits of color, and facts, all fused together by a real genius for narrative. Slight, or even trivial, as are Macaulay's essays in the field of historical erudition and critical inquiry, Mr. Morson admits that they are musterpieces if regarded in the unambitious light of great popuar eartoons on subjects taken from modern history. These brilliant papers Mr. Morison finds it convenient to classify in four groups according as they relate to English history oreign history, or to controversial or miscel laneous subjects. Among the best in the first category he would place the two articles on the elder Pitt ion which the nuthor be stowed an unusual amount of work). those on Hallam's Constitutional History and Sir William Temple, and those on Clive and Warren Hastings. The essay on "Burleigh and his Times" is pronounced the weakest of its class, that on Mackintosh undeserving of remark, and that on Walpele curiously unjust, seeing that Walpole's intellect was in many ways more penetrating that Macaulay's own. The five articles belonging to the second class are dismissed with a good deal of disdain, with the exception of the essay on Ranke's History of the Popes, which is discussed at some length, because it strikingly reveals the deciencies of Macaulay's attainments and the eak points in his intellect. In the controverdat group Mr. Morison can find nothing worthy to survive, with the possible exception of

prevailing opinion among men of letters touching the poetical quality of the "Lays of Ancient Rome." It has been said that any man may test his own qualifications to appreclate a poet's point of view and the right methods of poetic treatment by asking himself whether Macaulay's verse seems to him to be true poetry or only vigorous rhymed prose. Mr. Morison, on the other hand, insists that the lays possess considerable poetic merit: that they exhibit at times a power of drawing. at once accurate and characteristic, which imparts a sharpness of outline suggestive of sculpture. Few writers he thinks, include less in what Mr. Ruskin has denominated the pathet-Dream. e fallacy, and, in his opinion, many passages in the lays are invested with the peculiar dignity derived from the limitation of expression to the pure fact, the hearer being left to gather for nimself what he can from it. As to the claims of Macaulay's poems to scholarship, the biographer acknowledges that they evince but little historical verisimilitude; that the stagy declamation, for example, put into the mouth of Virginius is flagrantly inappropriate; and that

the romance and chivalry infused into the Battle of Ivry" are entirely wanting in genuine Huguenot songs. Moreover, while Mr. Morison contends that Macaulay has written poetry, it does not follow that he would call him a poet, any more than he would call Singlespeech Hamilton an orator. The distinction on this head is thus indicated: "By watching for the moments of inspiration, by the careful storage of every raindrop that fell from the clouds of fancy, he collected a small vessel full of clear, limpld water, the sparkling brightness of which it is unjust not to acknowledge.

Mr. Morison holds that most of the objections to Macaulay's history are well takes. To begin with fundamental shortcomings, the polemical attitude which he constantly maintained was altogether unsuited to a dispassionate search for truth. He became a politician at too early a period in life not to seriously damage the historical faculty. Gibbon and Grote had quite as much practical acquaintance with politics as an historian can bear, and neither of them approached Macaulay's participation in public affairs. In the second place, Macaulay's pole star, by which he threaded the waters of the past, was the captivating of young lady readers, whom he saw, in his mind's eye, lay-ing down a novel to take up his History of England. "His star," says the biographer, "led him to see port for which he steered, but it made him depart widely from the great ocean hanway frequented by ships bound for more Descending from a measurement of Madaring ventures," No man can read a volume of his history without being struck by the absence of broad and synthetic views. Macaulay never sums up in large traits the character of an epoch; never traces in clear outline the evolution of a period, showing, as on a skeleton map, the lines of progress. Even the constitutional side of his subject is neglected, and we ransack in vain his pages for a distinct exposi-

tion of the stages of the conflict between the Crown and the Parliament. As regards Macaulay's diffuseness there can be but one opinion. When we keep in view the scale on which the fragment is constructed, it is plain that had the author lived to complete his history it have filled fifty volumes. A more serious criticism remains, namely, that Macaulay was deficient in the true historic spirit, and continually failed to regard the past from a really historical point of view, Obviously, we can only justly and intelligently reproduce a given epoch of the past b paring it with preceding epochs and tracing its evolution out of antecedent phenomena Macaulay's constant preoccupation, on the other hand, is not to explain the period which is the subject of his history, by the times out of which it grew, but to show how vastly that period has been outstripped by the age in which he lives. The whole of his famous third chapter is one long pean over the superiority of the nineteenth to the seventeenth century -as if an historian had the slightest concern with that. In other words—to quote Mr. Morison's effective simile—what Macastay did was to invert the historical problem, to look at the test threuch the wrong end of the telescope.

A Cyclopedia of Poetry.

Many English anthologies have been published during the last quarter of a century, and almost every conceivable principle of selection and arrangement has been exhibited. Some of these compends have been made for the purpose of illustrating the history of English poetry, and much space has been given by the edipleasurable excitement which the mass of men | tors to comments and discussions which interfeel in listening to facile and voluble discourse. est the student of the subject, but which are to the biographer, the originality of form and desires to light at once upon some poem which accords with the feeling of the hour. Other species of composition. He considers that | collections are confined to poetical composition of a specific aim or type, so that they who cannot content themselves with the companionship of a treasure-book so limited in range, must needs provide themselves with several of these small repositories. Even those persons who are not accustomed to regard the cost of books, are quite alive to the superior convenience and portability of a single volume, while there is a far larger class of readers who appreciate the noble monuments of English song, yet to whom it is a matter of economical importance to obtain as many master works as possible between one pair of covers. By refraining on the one hand from any biographical account or critical estimate of the authors quoted, and by culling his flowers, on the other, not from a particular parterre, but from the whole rich garden of English verse, Mr. CHARLES A. DANA, the compiler of the Household Book of Postry, has managed to present in moderate compass-in a volume which, though stout, is not too bulky for a reader's hand to grasp-almost all the minor poems in the English language which, by the general agreement of men of taste, are accounted the most truly admirable. In respect, indeed, of compactness and portability, the new edition of this book, now issued by the Messrs, Appleton, is a decided improvement upon the earliest editions, the first of which ap peared more than twenty years ago. The book now comes to us in a square instead of oblong shape, and successfully avoids the objection of cumbrousness, usually encountered by at tempts to compress within a single volume the fruits of equally extensive gleanings in the field

of poesy. Aside from the happy combination of comprehensiveness and compactness which it exemplifies, there is a feature of the

carry somewhat different burdens and to strike upon distinct chords. It may seem, to at first sight a little strange that the compiler of this volume should allot a separate place to poems of the imagination, as if any poem worthy to figure in his collection were not conspicuously the product of imaginative power. It will be found, however, upon a close inspection of the group in question, that its members, on the one hand, could not well be assigned to any other category, while on the other they are as little the vehicles of any controlling thought or sentiment, and as manifestly the creatures of pure fancy, as the "Midsummer Night's M. W. H.

The Art of the Eighteenth Century. The American art collectors depend so largely upon France that no apology is needed for calling attention to the completion of an important work which interests the amateurs of pictures, of drawings, and of certain illustrated books of the last century. The work i L'Art du XVIIIème Siècle, by E, and J. DE GONcount, the publication of which has just been finished in Paris in two forms, an edition de here, in quarto, with 70 plates, and a cheap edition, containing simply the text, the notes and the catalogue raisonne of the works of each artist mentioned. The publisher of the edition de luxe is Quantin; that of the cheap edition is Charpentier.

It is interesting to note that thirty-five years

ago, when MM, de Goncourt began modestly their now incomparable collection of draw-ings and studies by the French artists of the eighteenth century, guided simply by care taste, whose judgments have at length been unanimously ratified by public opinion. they were almost alone in their admiration. The portfolios on the quays, the rubbish corners of the print shops, were full of sanguines water colors, and drawings of the masters of the past century. Nobody bought them. No body thought of buying them. A bid of 25 frances at an auction was greeted by ohs! and abs! and sniffings of pity and contempt from the despisers of that French school whose mas terpieces are now sold for their weight in bank notes. In La Maison d'un Artista M. de Goncourt says: "Nothing was easier and cheaper in those days than to make a fine collection of drawings of the eighteenth century only there was in the atmosphere such an enormous disdain for that school your painter friends pitted you with such sad looks, you passed for a man so utterly deprived of taste, that you needed to have a great contempt for the opinions of

others in order to form such a collection."

Happily the brothers De Goncourt had the

necessary contempt. Not only did they form a unique collection of eighteenth century draw ings, but they also conceived the idea of sup plementing their historical work on the eighteenth century by a history of the art of the century. Between the years 1850 and 1870 they published eleven preliminary monographs, Illustrated with etchings by Jules de Goncourt two hundred copies of which only were printed. The collection has now become of extreme rarity. In the monograph on Chardin the au thors declare that they enter upon their study of the art of the eighteenth century with a mixed sentiment of melancholy and of anger. In presence of the oblivion into which the memory of the artist had fallen, in presence of the excess of ingratitude and insolent contempt of posterity for the great artistic epoch of Louis XV., they doubted whether there was such a thing as justice in France. They asked whether French taste had no other guide but fashion. Had France, so jenious of her other glories, neglected to such a degree for fifty years glories that had sprung living from her very temperament, her very character, her very entrails, formed, too, after the very image of her every feature? Yes, It was true. At the beginning of the century th school of David had triumphed; the nation had amended its taste and renounced the master of the eighteenth century, both great and small. Their works were left to rot on th guare or sold to the foreigner for paltry prices The museums sold the masterpieces of Boucher, or hid them away in mouldy garrets La Tour, the exquisite portraitist, the most perfect draughtsman of the French school, does not escape the general disgrace. David is victorious, and La Tour's portraits of Crebillon

francs! Those two splendid Chardins, now in the Louvre, the pertrait of the artist and of his wife, brought 24 francs and not a sou more No more striking ratification of the sureness of M. de Goncourt's taste and at the same time of the influence of his example on the collecting public than a comparison of the modest prices of thirty-five years any with the prices paid at the present day for drawings by the masters of the eighteenth century. At the sale of the Mahorault collection for instance, in 1890, thirty drawings in bistre for the Puccile d'Oricans by Moreau le jenne sold for \$3,220; a drawing, 11x0 inches, "yes or No." by Moreau, \$2,400; drawings by Boucher, \$120 to \$600; drawings by Fragonard, \$1,000 to \$1,500; sixteen drawings by travelot to illustrate Boccaccio, \$1,800, &c. The prices of the other masters show the same colosial advance. Indeed, the amateurs of the present day seem constantly to be selebrating the anotheosis of the art of the last century in all its forms—the art of the last century in all its forms—the art of the last century in all its forms—the art of its draughtsmen, of its cabinetmakers of its printers of its bookbunders and even of its millimers and dressmakers. The art of the eighteenth century iii remains almost the unique source of inspiration of the elegancies and amenities of the nineteenth. of M. de Goncourt's taste and at the sa

and of Mme, de Mondonville are sold for 20 and

25 francs; his portrait of Rousseau seated is

withdrawn, as nobody offered more than ;

THE ART OF REMEMBERING.

Hluts for the Benefit of Those who are Troubled with Forgetfuluess.

A very interesting account of the wonderful feats of calculation performed by Jacques Inaudi in Belgium was printed in a letter in THE SUN on Nov. 20. Another correspondent sends us the following:

The assount of the marvellous performances by Jacques Imaudi suggests a few remarks upon the entiry attention of the memory—the faculty of all others most capable of improvement. The science of innermones is as old as the Egyptians but Cicero tells us that it was first reduced to a system by the next Smondes of Ces about 500 B. C. The story is that he was called from a banquet just before the roof fell in and crushed the remaining guests beyond recognition. Simonides identified the bedoes by remembering their others at table, and this suggested to him the association of thoughts and words and things with places; images and fights. Petrus Rayenius in 1491, John Rombred & Krypse in 1533 Guilenro Graticid in 1522, Marafertius in 1602, Lamisert Schenkel at 1509, and John Wallis in 1518, all published dans, more of less comprehends, for assisting the momory. The Memory Technical of the interest system of nucle pagetical value. Comparison of memory and more of the interest of the interest system of nucle pagetical value. Comparison of memory at the Comparison of the interest system of nucle pagetical value. Comparison of the last system of nucle pagetical value. sends us the following:

she harried we desired, while is first interest and chome we offered many the second of the content of many the content of many the content of the content o

POEMS WORTH READING. Two Christmas Songs.

In homes of gracious Christmas mirth, With holly green engarianded, We, waxen great beyond the touch of dearth Clothed with white days and fed with golden bread Know upon earth the peace the angels said (High o'er the Bethichem herds) came with the Chris

child's birth. Still, o'er the stormy waste of years, The song rings sweet as then it rang
When from their sents by Heaven's crystal meres
The host of fre-lipped angels loudly sang.
Samote the husbed earth with their melodious clang. And all the kneeling shepherds laid aside their fears. TT.

But we, whom hunger burns and bless, Whose children sharp-toothed want devours; We, clothed with weary days and lonely nights, We, pierced with thorns unknown of fruits or flowers, What joy of sacred time or song is ours, Whose bloomless bud of life this earthly season blights? Still we crouch low by Dives' gate, The dogs still lick our bleeding hands; Who gives us peace? O Christ, compassionate, O, feet like ours burned by the fiery sands. O, homeless head, light of all times and lands. Bring to thy stricken sons the peace for which they wait

The Heavenly World.

From the New York Observer. Oh, where is that heaven of glory, That beautiful home of the blest, Where hearts that are sad with life's story Find peace and the sweetness of rest?

Do stars that smile on us at even Hold loved ones who wait for us there? Will that be the precious home given When we in their blessedness share?

We look on the sky's perfect azure, And long with great longing to know Just where it will be our Lord's pleasure Our freed, happy spirits shall go.

Sometimes there comes o'er us a shrinking At thought of the changing of place, Of breaking the bonds that are linking Our souls to this narrow earth space.

If only we knew where the spirit Would dwell when the body doth sleep ! What place in the vastness inher!! Where tool His beloved will keep! The balls that is peacefully sleeping. The sleep that no waking on know, In beaven, has gained, and is keeping. The knowledge we pant for below.

Oh poor troubled heart that is fretting To know what has not been revealed. Have raith that our Lord, not foresting, Keeps part of the future concealed.

But surely enough has been fold thes To give to the soul perfect scace. For Carist's arms of love with infold thes. And sorrow forever shall case.

No tears will there darken thy vision; The parting of friends will be over; While all, its that region els vian; Shall dwell with the dod they alore.

The Old Cottage Clock.

From the Christian Intelligencer.

From the Christian Intelligence.

On the old old the k of the horsehold stock was the brightest thing and the meatest;
Its hands though old mad a fouch of gold, And its climic range will the we extent.

You have the range will the we extent.

You have lived though nations altered.
And its voice, still strong, warried old and young, when the voice of friendship faltered:

This, the "it said—"quick, quick to bed—For nine I've given warning."

You'll never rise soon in the morning."

A friendly voice was that old, old clock, As it stood in the corner suction,

As it store in the corner smiling.

And blessed the time, with a merry chime.
The white house with a merry chime.
The white house was that freedome clock.
As realled at dayness boddly.
And the sarty air blew couldy.
Tick, tek "it said—quash, out of bed—
For five I've given warning:
You'll never have leadily, vowill never get wealth,
Unless you're up soon in the morning."

Unless you're up soon in the morning."
Still hourly the sound goes round and round,
With a tone that reases he ver.
While tests are sheet for the bright days fled,
And the old triesness lost forever.
Its heart leasts on, though hearts are gone
That warmer heat and younger!
Its hands will move, though thinds we love
Are classed on earth no longer!
These list, "it shall—"to the chire hyard bed—
The grave hath given warning—
Up, up and rise, and look to the skies,
And prepare for a heavetily morning."

The Castle by the Sea

From the Utica Observer,
"O have you seen the castle,
So light best of the son,
Where clouds all red and golden
too sailing ellently?"

Yes, I have seen the castle. The castle strong and night And the muon stood in the sky.

" Heard you not sweet sounds of music Came not from the vanited winds was

The winds were hashed to slience,
The sea lay caim below.
And out from the high archied windows
Came a dirge of grief and woe.

"And on the throne so lefty, Where the rich crown jewels beam, Faw you not the kinely parents, And the royal mantle gleam?

"And led they not in gladness A beautiful made in there, Radiant as the suelight, Glemning in golden hair !"

In robes of deepost mourning, Without the lewels fair, I saw the toyal parents. The manden was not there. D. H. Moonnusan from the German of Unland.

She Hath Done What She Could.

From the Christian.

From the Christian,
Far down the ages
Perfume rich and rare,
Borne upon the breezes,
Filling all the air
Not from groves of orange,
Beds of spices sweet;
But from love's anontring
Of the Saviour's feet.

Selfish spirits murmur.

Wherefore is this waste? Wherefore is this waste? Wherefore yield your freasure. To a rich man's steast? There are those around you. Scaling it far more: Why not rather all them.

With your fragrant store!"

But the Lord accepts it;
Only He can know
How her heart is breaking,
Samething to bestow
On the friend who haved her,
Give her son relief.
As she knot hereof thin
Sobbing out her goef.

Nav. if was no impulse fly the moderni prompts, flut a mighty currence Wheel operation sought,

Ere the thoras circlet described the brow the bound, With the oil of gladness Jesus must be crowned.

What all houses her motive someon emotivation! When the Saving assessed she del What she could? Mary be used the superi At the Busher's feet Hearth loads removes a License (10) weeks

Loved Ton Muck.

Loved Ton Much.

Privache Bover vilorane.

In Colorado Sevens Librario de di
Onte di article de destina le lin.
Whole union was destina le lin.
Whole union was destina le lin.
A desemble de la colorado de la colorado

She put the measure matter to your.

I Now how, yo winds, quoth Hamink gay.
So have as in my war are I may.
Go gall various all the day.
Also the poor, missinded habit.
The sun as paired—the families will.
Whe inflied into a reducerorial.
Then Hamink waxed one connect will.
Then Hamink waxed one connect wall.
To see her pet antifiling hat.
Much to her family believes.
She stayed at historials after day.
And walled a very skip hier away.
And still the weather acted away.
And still the weather neither graw.
And washed the isome three and thee.
And walled the property of the family.
And washed the simple three and the family wall washed the simple three and the family.
On what was well or you washed.
She presend her washed to her side,
And with a fine we set eventual.
She presend her washed to her side.
And with a history washed.
The chattering goesips toys to tell. The chattering goesips love to tell. The fair of that vain, toolish helic. Who loved her scalish sacque too well,

The Happier Hour.

Not for the hour when from the shouls of hirth The soul sets foot upon the barren ways.

Where all its flower of fruitless hope docays.

Smitten with change and wan with rumous dearth, Should men uplift the heart thrilled song of praise, But for the hour which laps them in the earth.

Softly the new born child (one saids), Beside his flower-faced mother lies. Luiled by har low hummed melodies; More softly he, who from the house of breath Departs with sleep upon his poppled eves. Euhearsed beneath the viewiess depths of death,

GLIMPSES OVER THE WORLD. Artificial Eyebrows Sewed to the Skin.

At a certain factory yesterday, a number of young women were working at small tables, each table covered with little instruments and things, the likes of which I had never seen before. At one table two girls were threading needles with fine, siky hair, and sewing them in little squares on a thin, transported sauge, "Those girls," said the Professor, "are making some of those benuitful arched cyclrows you may some time see in halfrooms. These sewed on the net are the best expensive kind, and are only used on special occasions. The real brow is very expensive, and can only be made by a person of great skill." I begred that of explain the operation of giving a person eyebrows who was born without them, and, leading me tare an elegantly turnished parior in which was a large definite chair, be continued:

continued:

"The patient sits here. In this cuchion to my left are
stuck a score or so of those needles you saw being
threaded. Each stitch only leaving two strands of hair,
to facilitate the operation a number of needles must
at hand. As each thread of hair is drawn through the
skin over the eye it is out so that when the first stage of
the operation is over it leaves the hairs bristing out an
inch or so presenting a reside, because a needle a

skin over the eye it is not so that when the first start the operation is over it leaves the hairs triviling on inch or so, presenting a ragged, porceptine appears Now comes the artistic work. The trow must arched and cut down with the utmost delicacy, at number of hours is respired to do it."

"It must be very painful and tedious ?"
"They dou't say that it is a pienic excursion," lang the Professor; but eyebrows, small as they are, very important in the make up of the face. You have idea how odd one looks when utterly demoided of over the eyes. The precess I have discribed is pain but it makes good eyebrows and adds one fundred cent, to the looks of a person whe was without them, is too, much better than the blackening and costine so may people use, especially people who have a pressure of brows comprising only a few inites."

"Do your sewed through the skin cyclrows last!"
"For years."

Reasons why Miners are Attached to Rata.

From the Firginia City Entryris.

Old miners have a great respect for the rata of the lower levels. They neither kin the rate nor safer them to be Killed by green hands. In the first older, were there no other reason, a dead rat left underground would score up a whole level, and, in the second place, the living rats devaur any bones, scrays of meat, and framents of other food let in the mines, which would, by their decay, villate the air, generally hot and unplessant at best. Rate also give warring when a cave is about to occur. They feel the pressure of the settling ground, even before the cracking of the limbers is heard, and come forth upon the floor and scamper measily about by scores. For these and other reasons the miners have a friendly feeling toward the rats, feeling and protecting thou. In nearly every mine the men bave one or more of the little animals as posts, and these are quite which the rate come into a new drift of feel intime. When rate come into a new drift of feel into the most series of the scare of a new cross-satt on the 2.0-0 level of the Sectra Nevasia mine a rat cause in to them, travelling along the line of the compressed air pipe. When the little rate was a small and a scan in the law that the rate in the same that the non-were at work on the face of a new cross-satt on the 2.0-0 level of the Sectra Nevasia mine a rat cause in to thou, travelling along the line of the compressed air pipe. When the little rade it was seen some of the new hands wanted to still that the old miners would not allow it to be intrinsically the same of the first a box as a licence for the rate in the flaw was seen some of the new hands wanted the rate in the first and placed from hear at hand, in order that it might find its new quarters profitable as well as contortable. There is intich take shown the inners at loan the couling of this rat, and the men in the new evenestic for the tinest find.

a Western Amusement. From the St. Louis Republican

A travelling man, writing from Buffalo gives an account of how two mist sought to rob a drammer out west. His mans was black to rob a drammer try out through the Western country, where if reckless men ever enought a drammer in a safe place, and could get the drop on him, they were protty certain of a good hail as the victual always had more ever the desired of the drop on him, they were protty certain of a good hail as the victual neways had more vertained and left the hotel, and had wand red down a hitle creek to enjoy the fresh air, and nearen a little dium of trees. Two men were sitting under the trees, watching his beedless approach. As he got within a few paces of them they enided in jumped up, and one of them leveled a long may revolver, and told the unfortunate commercial traveller to hold up his hands. Fisher was 10 do hits first man in the State at that is sore. His knows smote together while he secured to drow moretes—and him to himself as it were the perfect places of right.

It is hands, however, went about that there is made in the most asternation himself as it were the perfect places of right, and not himself as it were the perfect places of right, and not himself as it were the perfect places of right, and down like a commor left in a rale of wind. It was a comical again to see them, him, and whiten, 'dapping' around through a space of half a foot or more, the common himself as the see them, him, and whiten, 'dapping' around through a space of half a foot or more, the chart of the perfect of the robber's even and then that terming heat for the robber's even and the half back had and sake were a made and the half back with a safetoned evel day, and the half and seek scan, with a glicening something in it. There were two reports at the hold of the high way in the half cause before instead of behind the plan. The lightwayman threw up his hands and such the late and seek scan, with a milest hole between his eyes, while the half, strong parties of excellent Judgment. For Fisher head with a cisan cut

From the Chicago Prilinge.

Learning that there was a place in the city where implies were made to order, twent there one of the massive I was shown into a parlor some that resem-bling a dentist's operating town. To me presently came to desper little man. I wanted a dimple in my arm, and us being hare, and the exact spot indicated, he My arms being have and the exact spot indicated, he phased a small glass take the orifice of will be was extremely simply upon the spot. The take him working within it a pisten and was set small that when the hand do was classified from the take and it solvered to fine inch, rawing a stand treatment and some classified from the take and it will be raised portion from operate during the first take and then took and his order take for the solvered to the take and then took and his order to the solvered to the solvered to the solvered to the solvered to the raised his blood. I tried have not be severed which therefore the point of which was rained for the raised his blood. I tried have not be severed which the raised his blood. I tried have not be severed which have not have given the wound a sould silver object like an inverted one, the point of which was rained had pointed. This little point was adjusted so as to deprese to exact control touch the spot until the next day.

When I came at them he told in the go may and not touch the spot until the next day.

When I came at that time he desard my arm again, and this appearation was rejected for two days, when the would was besied. This silver cone was relieved has there, were enough beneath it was the pretriest dimple in the world? And all I had to pay was \$10.

A Legney for Idol Worship.

From the London Telegraph.

At the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council on Saturday. Ser Beshard Counting any polyment in an appeal from the Calcula Court in "Simual James, bed agt 8s topal Admira Guswan; and others," in which the question was as to the management of large extate delicated to the worship of clock. Mr. derivert tower was for the appellant, and Mr. Arathoon for the respondents. sponderits.

The point was whether a woman under the Hindon law could succeed as "Sebait," or immager of the property. The propert was valued at 16.2,50,164, and confer the several villages, left for the worsing of an idea named. Kismah Hoy, and others. Their loristicis held hat the appellant as woman could not be the manager, and that the respondents had exercised the right for a long time. The appeal was dismissed with closts.

One Sort of Michigander.

From the Detroit Free Press.

A certain Michigander, who had long susceeded in dedring a certain creditor was a few weeks ago concret in the office of a mutual friend, and the creditor began.

Sir, you have owed me \$25 for a year just, and now I want to keep what you are going to do assent it?

"These willbe no thinking it over, my friend. If you den't year mel'il sne you."

"You will!"

"You will ye!"

Twill, series the certain to get a indement. The party which trings the sun always gets the versus informat Justice Knowing the you will the entransize of party. Service Knowing this you win the act and you a doll were well. Now, then, I deny that I ow you a dol

"Very well. New, then, I deny that I one you a dollar." You do!"
"I do, set, but in case, you want to borrow \$55 of me or a week here It is."
"I don't care windther you call it paying or lending, so long as I go my money. Tended the great for and he made sith a resort you for and too the group.
At the circle of the week he was acked in return the long but he are the circle of the week he was acked in return the long but he are the circle of the week he was acked in return the long but he are the circle of the week he was acked in return the long but of the area of the long but he can be seen to see we also be returned to be a seen and had a clean technique for the like level.

Praying for a Sick Sister, and Stealing Money Given him to Buy a Comin.

Yesterday marging only a colored woman Yesterlay morning early a solved worms that the Westerlay and the State of the Stat

A Three Bundeed Pound Hog's Long Park About four morning and Mr. Adout four reflection for the state of the

A Builder Stope a Runaway Burse,

One day recently Messes Paramolder & Hoy-One day property dessess the control of the control

An Unaccountable Suicide.

Prom the Richmont Register

Near the town of Irving in Estil county.

Es the other lay, a major before on the best of deliberately committed smidel. It put to be the long a crack in a post and rout force, alonged the roughtwar to a narrow place, puriod back, and choked named in cause of the suicide a circum.